

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

PRICE {4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S CONCERTS. EVERY EVENING.

SIGNOR ARDITI begs to announce that his Concerts cannot possibly be prolonged beyond the Four Weeks originally stated.

(SECOND WEEK.)

TO-NIGHT (Saturday), December 2nd.

Vocalists—Mdlle. Laura Harris, Mdlle. Sarolta, and Mdlle. Sinico; Signor Stagno, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley.

(His Last Appearance in London this Winter.)

Violin—Mdlle. Emilia Arditi.

The Orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre.

CONDUCTOR—SIGNOR ARDITI.

"UNA NOTTE A VENEZIA"

(New Duet by Signor Arditi) will be sung by Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Stagno. Signor Arditi's Valse, "ILMA," will be performed this Evening.

MONDAY NEXT, Dec. 4th, will be a GERMAN NIGHT, when will be performed (for the first time in England) SCHUMANN'S Orchestral Symphony, No. 3, in E flat And, for the first time, the New Grand Selection from WAGNER'S Romantic Opera.

"TANNHAUSER."

For this selection the orchestra will be composed of Sixteen First Violins, Fourteen Second Violins, Ten Violas, Ten Violoncellos, Ten Contra-Bassi, Three Flutes, Two Oboes, Two Clarinettes, Two Bassoons, Twelve Horns, Twelve Trumpets, Six Trombones, Two Euphoniums, Two Bombardons, Two Harps, Drums, &c., and Full Chorus.

Promenade, 1s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Private Boxes from 10s. 6d. Notice.—The Upper Box and Dress Circle seats are numbered and reserved, and may be secured, without extra charge, at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open daily from Ten till Six.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—THE GRAND BAL

D'OPERA will take place on TUESDAY, December 19. The Band will number One Hundred Performers. Conductor, Mr. D. Godfrey. Ball Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Dress Circle, 5s.; Gallery Stalls, 4s.; Private Boxes, from Four Guineas. Tickets may be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre, and at the principal Libraries and Musicellers.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY

—CONCERT AND PROMENADE.—Mdlle. Sarolta, Signor Stagno, and Mr. Santley (his last appearance prior to his departure for Milan). Programme includes Symphony in E flat, Mozart; Overture, "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn; Selection from Ballet "L'ile Enchantée," A. S. Sullivan. Concert on this occasion will commence at a Quarter to Three.—Admission Half-a-crown, or free by New System Guinea Season Ticket, admitting until 30th November, 1866. Reserved stalls Half-a-crown, at Crystal Palace.

Notes.—Stations are opened this day at Denmark-Hill, Peckam-rye, and Honor Oak, to the High-Level Station, opposite the Centre Transept.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Instituted 1822;

Incorporated by Royal Charter. Under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the QUEEN.

His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES.

His Majesty the KING of the BELGIANS.

KING'S SCHOLARSHIP.—An examination of female candidates for a King's Scholarship (available for one year) will take place at the Academy, on Tuesday, the 19th December next, at 11 o'clock.

This Scholarship is open to public competition, and is not confined to pupils of the Academy. Candidates, whose age must not be under 12, nor exceeding 18 years, will send in their names and addresses to the Secretary (accompanied by the recommendation of a subscriber to the Institution), on or before the 16th December.

The certificate of birth must be produced previous to the candidate being allowed to compete for the Scholarship.

By order of the Committee of Management,
J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.
November 28th, 1865.

ROYAL PAVILLION.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL,

Professor at the Royal Academy, and the London Academy of Music, begs to announce that he will give

A SECOND GRAND HARMONIUM RECITAL,

ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6th, 1865.

At Three o'clock,

Under the following Distinguished Patronage.

PATRONESSES:

The Lady FRANCES LINDSAY. The Lady CATHERINE PETRE.

The Lady LOUISA KERR. The Lady CAROLINE LISTER KATE.

The Hon. Mrs. CHARLES PETRE. Lady JACKSON.

Mrs. LEO SCHUSTER. Mrs. HERBAGE DERING. Mrs. EDWARD JOHNSTON.

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When he will perform a series of Classical, Sacred, and Secular Compositions.

VOCALIST—Mlle. NATHALIE.

The arrangement of the room will be the same as on the occasion of the previous Recital.

Stalls, numbered and reserved, 5s., at Messrs. POTTS, North Street, Brighton.

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WANTED, THREE TRANSLATORS,

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NOTE.—Continental reputation preferred, and references expected.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—EXETER HALL.

—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—On FRIDAY next, December 8, Handel's ISRAEL IN EGYPT. Principal vocalists: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Robertine Henderson, Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Benwick, and Mr. Weiss. On the following Friday, December 15, the Thirty-fourth Annual Christmas performance of the MESSIAH. Principal vocalists: Miss Edmonds, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss.

The Band and Chorus, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of, as usual, nearly 700 performers.

Tickets:—Reserved area, 5s.; numbered stalls, 10s. 6d.; now ready.

NOTE.—No more subscriptions can be received except for a few stalls at three guineas. No allowance can be made for the one Subscription Concert which has been given.

WESTMORLAND SCHOLARSHIP.—Royal Academy

of Music.—A SCHOLARSHIP for VOCALISTS, called the Westmorland Scholarship (in compliment to the late Earl of Westmorland, the founder of the Royal Academy of Music), has been established by subscription, and will be contended for annually, in December. It is open for competition to female candidates between the ages of 15 and 24 years, and is not confined to pupils of the Academy.

The amount of the Scholarship is £10, which will be appropriated towards the cost of a year's instruction in the Academy.

Candidates' names (accompanied by the recommendation of a subscriber to the Academy) will be received by the Secretary up to the 16th December, 1865.

Certificate of birth must be forwarded.

The examination will take place at the Academy on Monday, the 15th December, at 10 o'clock.

By order of the Committee of Management,
J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

Further subscriptions towards the fund of this Scholarship will be applied to the increase of its annual value.

The Examination for the Potter Exhibition, for students of the Royal Academy of Music of two or more years' standing, will also take place on the 15th December.

BRIGHTON.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a

MATINEE MUSICALE at the PAVILION, Brighton, on Thursday, Dec. 7th, assisted by Mrs. FRANCIS TALFOURD and Mr. TALLAWAY COBBAM. Further particulars will be duly announced. London, 17, Westbourne Square.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will SING every evening, at JULLIEN'S Popular Concerts, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, BIRMINGHAM. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, or, until the 15th December to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will SING the "LIEBHART POLKA," which met with such great success at Mellon's Concerts (composed expressly for her by Prof. MULDER), every evening, at JULLIEN'S Popular Concerts, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will SING PROCH'S admired *Lied*, "At Morning's Break"—MORGENFESTERLIN, (composed expressly for her) at JULLIEN'S Popular Concerts, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, every evening.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing, for the first time in England, GUGLIELMO'S "Bravura Polka" (composed expressly for her) at Jullien's Popular Concerts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, next week.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will SING BEVIGNANI'S Rondo, (composed expressly for her) "La Piena del me Gualilo," at JULLIEN'S Concerts, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, every evening next week.

MADAME PAREPA.

MADAME PAREPA will be in London next February, 1866, having concluded other arrangements in America, and accepted a re-engagement for next year.—10, Warwick Crescent, Maida Hill.

MISS BERRY.

MISS BERRY requests that all communications relative to lessons or engagements, either in town or in the provinces, be addressed to her, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MADAME BERGER LASCELLES.

MADAME BERGER LASCELLES requests all letters, respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts and Lessons, in town or country, to be addressed to her residence, 3, York Street, Portman Square, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing "Farewell, ye limpid streams," *Deptha*; and "Hear my prayer," Mendelssohn; at the Horns, Kennington, Dec. 4th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON begs to announce that she is at liberty to accept engagements for concerts, oratorios, private soirées, &c. She will sing at the Horns, Kennington, Dec. 4th; the Sacred Harmonic Society, Dec. 8th; Chichester, Jan. 9th; Hull, Feb. 12th and 14th; Swindon, April 3rd. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 19, Newman Street, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON & MR. WHIFFIN will sing, at the Horns, Kennington, the Duo *ALSACIENNE*, (from Offenbach's *Lisichen and Fritschen*) on Monday Evening, Dec. 4th.

MISS EMILY PITT will sing "O rest in the Lord," at the Horns, Kennington, Dec. 4th.

MADAME EMMA HEYWOOD, of the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, is at liberty to accept engagements for Concerts or Oratorios.—Address, 7, Oval Road, Regent's Park, N.W.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will Sing BENEDICT'S "Rock me to Sleep" at the Windsor Choral Society's Concert, Dec. 8th, 7, Sutherland Place, Bayswater.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing his two New Songs, "Airy, fairy Lillian" and "Were this world only made for me," at West Hartlepool, Dec. 4th; Dumfries, Dec. 9th; Dundee, Dec. 11th; Maidstone, Dec. 14th; Ashford, Dec. 15th; Frome, Dec. 19th; Ashby de la Zouch, Dec. 22nd. London: 128, Adelaide Road, N.W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing Herr Reichardt's New Song, "My heart's in the highlands," West Hartlepool, Dec. 4th; Dumfries, Dec. 9th; Dundee, Dec. 11th; Maidstone, Dec. 14th; Ashford, Dec. 15th; Frome, Dec. 19th; Ashby de la Zouch, Dec. 22nd.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT'S Variations on "Le Carnaval de Venise," at Leicester, Dec. 12th.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing at Belfast, 8th Dec.; Dumfries, 11th; Blackburn, 13th; Edinburgh, 16th; Dundee, 18th; Dumfries, 19th; Newcastle, 22nd; Glasgow, 23rd; Leicester, 26th; Edinburgh, 27th; Tynemouth, 28th; South Shields, 29th; Jarrow, 30th. Address, en route, to 8, Barrington Road, Brixton, S.

MADAME W. VINCENT WALLACE,

Planist to Her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland,

Begs respectfully to announce to her Friends that she will Resume giving

LESSONS ON THE PIANOFORTE,

After the Christmas Holidays.

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WILLIE PAPE—Honored by the command of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales—will continue his TOUR through the Provinces.—Address—No. 9, Soho-square, W.

MRS. TENNANT begs to announce her return to town for the season. Terms, for Concerts, Oratorios, Soirées, &c., as well as for Instruction in Singing, may be obtained of Mrs. Tennant, 58, Maddox-street, New Bond-street, W.

MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honor to announce that her next meetings for the practice of Vocal Concerted Music will take place on Thursdays, Dec. 14th and 21st, at her residence, 50, Bedford Square.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER respectfully announces that his BENEFIT, consisting of a variety of DRAMATIC and MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS, will take place at DRURY LANE THEATRE, on FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 15th.

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE is now at liberty to make arrangements for Oratorios, Concerts, or Pupils. Letters to be addressed to 15, Park Crescent, Stockwell, S.

THE NEW SONG, "WARBLINGS AT EVE."

Poetry by H. FARNIE; Music by BRINLEY RICHARDS. 3s.; free for 16 stamps. "In this new production the weird whisperings of the much-admired melody find an adequate interpretation in Mr. H. Farnie's beautiful words. Here 'blends the trill of bird in bower, with boatman's song,' and 'the nightingale still seeks the thorn, and warbles on the bloomy spray.' The song in its present shape must meet with a ready welcome everywhere, and will continue to hold its own with the choicest of drawing-room vocal compositions. The melody has been constantly praised for a special kind of elegance, and, in its own style, is every way worthy of the composer of the new national anthem, 'God Bless the Prince of Wales.'"—*Vide The Globe*, Nov. 25th

HAPPY BE THY DREAMS. Ballad, made so popular by Mr. RAWLINSON's exquisite singing at the Christy Minstrels. Free for 16 stamps.

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FOURTH EDITION.

"CHRISTIANS AWAKE." The Hymn for Christmas.

Transcribed by R. ANDREWS, 2s. 6d.; also, Harmonized by WILLIAM SHORS, Esq., 1s.—Half price, and extra stamp, for post free.—ANDREW'S Music Repository, 144, Oxford Street, Manchester.

"Just the sort of song for Christmas time, healthy and vigorous."—*Musical World*.

"I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS," Song, composed C to F. Written by E. N. MARKS, composed by W. T. BELCHER, Birmingham. Post free 13 stamps.

SACRED STRAINS.—The Words by the Rev. Dr. WORDSWORTH, of Westminster Abbey, the Music composed and arranged for one or more voices by ROBERT SLOMAN, Mus. Bac, Oxon.—"I think highly of your tunes. I think better of them than of almost any new ones I have seen. They show, I think, great judgment in their composition. I am really pleased with them."—*Dr. Wesley*.

No. 1. Sunday Hymn.

" 2. Wedding Hymn.

" 3. The Lilies.

" 4. "There was of old a place."

" 5. "Nearer to Thee."

" 6. "Hallelujah. Amen."

Six numbers in one book, net, 2s. ADDISON, Regent Street; or of the Composer Welshpool.

ADELINA PATTI AT FLORENCE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—There are in life certain moments which it is impossible to describe. At such moments a man fancies that all the illusions of his youthful years have vanished; for he feels as though there were a large void around him; the emotions of his heart appear for ever exhausted, and the fibres of his mind weakened, when, as though by magic, something arises which suddenly carries him back to all the freshness of youth, and causes him to experience joyous sensations, as if he had never before loved aught that was beautiful in the world. Such a sensation of joy, such a return of youth, in a word, did I experience on Saturday evening, at the performance of *La Sonnambula*, in which Adelina Patti made her first appearance on the Italian stage. Seated in the stalls, with half-closed eyes, my thoughts wandered years back, to the glorious performances of Malibran, Tosi, Taccani, and Frezzolini, when those artists first unfolded to the eager public the treasures of Bellini's melodies and their own strains. At the period in question, a performance of *La Sonnambula*, with one of these, was a real solemnity. The multitude, worked up to enthusiasm, raised altars, and confounded in the same applause the creator of the melody and its interpreter. Years had elapsed, but there remained a distant—though sweet—recollection of those days, rendered, perhaps, most bitter by the consciousness of a state of musical decadence which has frequently caused a doubt as to whether Italy once excelled the whole world in lyrical music. Last Saturday I awoke from this lethargy, once again heard the same old miracles of songs, and witnessed the same popular enthusiasm. It was a genuine electrical spark. Adelina Patti has received from nature all those gifts which render a fair artist immortal in the representation of certain lyrical dramas. *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Don Pasquale*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*, are operas which demand, in addition to musical qualities, special physical conditions, to enable any one to extract from them all their beauty and gentle perfume. *La Sonnambula* more particularly requires such a combination in the artist who would render in all its truth the character of Amina. This music of Bellini's is a perfect idyll; such a fragrance of wild flowers; such poetry; such simplicity, permeates the whole opera. Amina is an innocent country-girl, who, when anything happens to sadden her, grieves like a poor dove wounded by a hawk, and, when her heart overflows with joy, abandons herself completely, with all the candour of her nature, to her feelings, imitating the nightingale, which, in the thick foliage, gaily salutes the bright sun, and unites its silvery voice to the thousand mysterious sounds of Nature. Bellini has produced two immortal types, as opposed to each other as the antipodes: *Norma* and *La Sonnambula*. Adelina Patti possesses all the extraordinary qualities necessary for being truly grand in the last opera, as very few possess them for interpreting. Madlle. Patti is endowed with graceful manners, light and easy bearing, and a pleasing and characteristic face; everything about her corresponds with the character of Amina, as the author Romani conceived it, and as Bellini so melodiously arrayed it. Listen to her when, with ingenuous coquetry, she dispels the clouds from the brow of her jealous lover, and takes her leave, promising him with a smile, and in the tenderest words, a treasure of future joys! How impassioned, and yet, at the same time, how modest, is she in this scene! What abandon, yet what nobleness in her action, and what infinite sweetness of expression! To pass to the scene of somnambulism in the last act. In a philosophical light, it is impossible to be more true, more artistic. There is not an accent, there is not a phrase, that is not stamped with really æsthetic beauty. It is the musical language of a being whose mind is wandering in her sleep. It is not the lip which speaks, but the mind which remembers, in the girl's sleep of anguish, the sorrows of her life. Of more account than the force of her voice, of more account than her impassioned accents, is the *breath*, the *sigh*, which involuntarily escapes from the innermost recesses of the sleeper's bosom, and reveals all the moral martyrdom the poor thing is suffering. Lastly, listen to her, also, when, on waking up, she beholds once more Elvino at her feet, and once more hears from his lips his first vows of love! She is absolutely transfigured! She is a nightingale, once more

spreading out its wings on the sunshine, and filling the air once more with its brilliant and joyous notes, as if to call upon Heaven and the whole world to witness its rapture!

At this point, the enthusiasm of the audience reached its highest pitch, and Adelina Patti's triumph could not have been more splendid!

Madlle. Patti's voice is a soprano of the kind denominated in theatrical parlance: *sfogato*. It goes up, with extraordinary ease, to the highest compass of the human voice, and descends with equal clearness of sound and facile execution to the fine contralto notes—a precious gift, bestowed only on the favoured daughters of Heaven. This voice * * * (We cannot find room for our enthusiastic correspondent's description of an organ so familiar to English ears as the voice of Adelina Patti.—D. PETERS.) on the other hand, observe her when, calm and joyous, she advances to meet her friends shortly before her betrothal to Elvino! Listen to the gay, capricious, and, at the same time, affectionate warbling which pours in torrents from her lips! She is the nightingale of the fields and of the river, smiling at the light, and playfully looking at itself in the limpid waves.

I subjoin two critiques from the principal papers here:—

I.

*. *LA SONNAMBULA al teatro Pagliano*. Prima comparsa di ADELINA PATTI.—Ieri sera (11) al teatro Pagliano, di recente rinnovato, fu una di quelle feste che mostrano il carattere eminentemente musicale del popolo italiano, di quel popolo donde sursero Dante e Michelangelo e Rossini “maestri di coloro che sanno” in fatto d'arte e di scienze. La Patti dopo gli splendidi, anzi unici trionfi ottenuti sulle rive del Tamigi e della Senna, presentavasi titubante nel modesto personaggio di Amina, in quell'idillio musicale che quelle anime grandi del Romani e del Bellini crearono e che sarà sempre un capolavoro, insino a che l'arte musicale non sarà un nome vano nel mondo. Che dire di Adelina Patti? È un miracolo d'arte, è il complemento della triade, è colei che comprese i due grandi ingegni italiani e seppe svolgerli, commentarli e presentare ad una massa immensa di spettatori viva e vera quella poetica creatura che è la sonnambula.

Nella Patti è istintivo il sentimento dell'arte e quindi ella, anziché usare a dovizia di quei doni di cui le fu larga natura nel canto d'agilità, esprime mirabilmente la parte drammatica, e cantò la *Sonnambula* senza tanti ghirigori come fanno molte artiste, rovinando quei canti sublimi ed eminentemente drammatici.

A noi vennero per tradizione i nomi della Malibran, della Persiani, della Tacchinardi e fin della Frezzolini, allorchando era in fiore, ma oseremmo dire che niuna di queste ha potuto raggiungere l'eccellenza della Patti, perchè dessa s'innalza sino all'ideale dell'arte che è tutto dire; e del nostro avviso furono certamente le migliaia di spettatori stivati nel teatro Pagliano che ad ogni nota della Patti andavano in visibilio; il pubblico s'era identificato con l'artista ed ogni suo gesto, ogni accento, ogni muover di palpebre passava nell'animo di ogni spettatore per forza magnetica.

Nell'aria l'Adelina è una semplice contadina e quindi col suo canto, col suo atteggiarsi ella scolpisce il carattere; poi nel duetto col tenore ella fa comprendere l'amore non come si usa nelle città ove tutto è finzione, ma come si sente nella campagna: nel finale il suo canto strazia il cuore, è il grido disperato dell'amante che vede discacciarsi dall'uomo amato; ed infine nel 3° atto ella è immobile come una sonnambula, e poi ritorna all'amore, alla gioia e quindi è nuovamente la gaia, la semplice contadina del primo atto. Queste diverse passioni o meglio gradazioni di passioni sono esposte mirabilmente dalla Patti col canto, col gesto e fin con gli occhi. Nel canto ella poi è maestra: la sua gola si presta alle più astruse difficoltà, ed ella quasi si piace di passare da una in un'altra, e quel che meraviglia con tale noncuranza quasi diremmo che è il più bel regio della stupenda anzi unica esecuzione: a ciò aggiungi un timbro di voce che non è umano, ma celestiale (ammesso che vi sia il paradiso e che vi si canti), un'intonazione perfetta, e tutto ciò è la Adelina Patti che ben a ragione può dirsi la regina del canto italiano.

II.

Sabato sera con la *Sonnambula* di Bellini si produceva sulle scene del teatro Pagliano la sig. Adelina Patti; la cantatrice celebre nei due mondi. Gli spettatori affollati nei palchi e nella vasta platea aspettavano impazienti il momento da tanto tempo bramato: alla perfine l'opera incominciò, e quando i primi applausi annunziarono l'entrata in scena dell'eminente artista, si fece dappertutto un religioso silenzio. Quell'istante fu insieme maestoso e terribile; maestoso per il pubblico che sapendo di avere a che fare con una celebrità voleva intenderla bene, per giudicarla severo, ma giusto; terribile per l'artista che per la prima volta presentandosi ad un pubblico italiano, poteva correre pericolo di rimanere schiacciato dal peso della propria fama. Ma non appena la

sig. Adelina ebbe fatta risuonare la sala delle sue magiche note che ognuno rimase commosso da una voce, per freschezza gradita, per omogeneità di timbro, insinuante, per estensione, superba. E senza quasi darle tempo di finire la cavatina, le irrompenti voci di brava si erano a poco a poco convertite in battimani, e non vi volle che il forte desiderio di ascoltarla nella cadenza, per far reprimere a mala pena quegli applausi che all'ultima nota dovevano riuscire entusiastici, universali. Il trionfo era assicurato: l'artista aveva vinto l'uditorio, e questo scordata la parte del giudice, si era lasciato strascinare a quella di ammiratore dalla potenza di quei gorgheggi, di quei trilli, di quella audacia insomma di cui sola è capace.

Valerosa nel duo col tenore e nella scena del sonnambulismo, doveva poi sorprendere nello stupendo roud final, con il quale rivelossi in tutta la sua grandezza in tutto il suo magisterio, unica e insuperabile. A sentire quell'onda sonora di melodie sovrumane titillare le orecchie ora come nota di violoncello, ora come scherzo di dolcissimo flauto la gioia e la meraviglia impadronivasi degli animi degli ascoltanti, facendoli prorompere in manifestazioni clamorose e straordinarie. Tornata sei volte alla scena dopo calata la tela essa può contare di aver ricevuto in Firenze il più bel successo che ricordino i fasti teatrali. Ed inverso la comparsa della sig. Patti è stata un avvenimento, le impressioni non svanirono all'uscire del teatro; la voce di lei risuona tuttora arcaica, misteriosa nelle nostre orecchie, di lei ovunque si parla, e si scrive.

Favoleggino a loro posta gli antichi, rinpiangano pure i nostri vecchi le celebrità dei loro tempi; noi abbiamo udita la Patti, e ci basta: essa è il genio del canto, ed il genio non si supera.

Proseguendo a parlare degli altri diremo che il tenore Corsi, già applaudito altra volta nello stesso teatro quando cantò il *Barbiere* con la rinomata Borghi-Mamo, è tornato fra noi gradito artista ed il pubblico lo ha applaudito, tanto solo, quanto insieme alla celebrata sig. Patti; questo torna a suo grande elogio. Il basso fa del suo meglio ma...

You will thus have a pretty fair notion of the sensation produced here by Adelina Patti. I hope soon to go to London I long to hear a Monday Popular Concert, a Costa oratorio, a Crystal Palace symphony, and—yes, to see a pantomime.

Florence, Nov. 20.

AN ITALIAN IN ITALY.

(From another Correspondent.)

FLORENCE.—The inauguration of the fifth year of the Quartet Society took place recently. I am glad to perceive the great progress the love and study of good music are making in Florence. The room in which the concert took place was overflowing, and among the audience were seen many artists and composers applauding most heartily, thus proving how erroneous was the report, spread abroad, that the obstacles with which classical music has to contend in Italy, and especially in Florence, are caused by members of the very profession which should be first to encourage such music. The violinist Becker is an artist in the fullest acceptance of the word. This is true of him not only as an executant, but also as a leader. The Quartet (Op. 74) of Beethoven proved clearly that there exists in Italy all the gems of superior musical intelligence, requiring nothing but the hand of an expert cultivator to flourish luxuriantly under its beautiful sky. Two very youthful artists belonging to the orchestra, Signor Chiostrì and Masi, engaged but recently, performed yesterday, under the direction of Becker, and produced an excellent impression. All who heard the quartet in question performed yesterday must be convinced that art has no limits, and that the truly beautiful, worthily interpreted, persuades even the most ignorant and obstinate. Beethoven's Trio (Op. 1) pleased greatly. The execution by Signora Rita Montani, Becker, and Iandelli, the violoncellist, could hardly be surpassed. Mendelssohn's Capriccio, also (Op. 22) for Piano, with quintet accompaniment, and performed by Signora Montani, was most warmly applauded. The audience made the acquaintance, on this occasion, of Herr Hilpert, who came from Germany with Becker. He is an artist excelled by few in rendering the works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. The Quartet Society has made a valuable acquisition.—A society here, consisting chiefly of foreigners, and which has already rendered itself famous by its execution of classical choruses, has lately assumed the title of Società Cherubini, and elected Herr Becker an honorary member. It is under the direction of Professor Scholz.

GIORNOVICH GIARDINI.

BOLOGNA.—The *Africaine* has been most successfully produced under the direction of Signor Mariani.

L'AFRICAIN EN ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—With *L'Africaine*—alas for "native talent!"—the English Opera Company has begun its second season. To attempt the most elaborate work of the most ambitious of composers was no alight venture, and I am bound to say the Company has come well through it. They have given us a more complete, on the whole a more efficient, and certainly a more pleasant rendering of this opera, than has yet been produced in London or Paris. Some people may be surprised that in a work demanding such vast resources, the company should have succeeded better than in smaller things; but the fact is only an instance of the rule that the more complicated a work is, the more depends upon organization, and the less, in proportion, upon the powers of individual singers. Now, in the "star" element the English enterprise is avowedly weak. Two vocalists of the first rank are the most that it can count. But the organization of the company—the company as seen before and below the footlights—is admirable. Better discipline than that exercised by Mr. Mellon and his lieutenants I never saw. To compare his vigorous beat with the nerveless saw of M. Hainl, would be absurd; it has all the decision, though not quite the lordly sweep, of Mr. Costa's conducting. The result is a credit to our English music, the executive department, at least, being "native;" for the amount of preparation, even reckoning that which preceded the Italian performances, must have been very far short of the infinite rehearsing which was found necessary at the "Grand Opera." Mr. Mellon and the "Company" (limited) have given the English public, for the first time, a reasonably complete performance of the piece. What, and how much, M. Fétis cut out of the original score has not been stated, but it may be presumed that his device for shortening the work was not to mutilate particular movements. This, unluckily, is what Mr. Gye did. *L'Africaine* is too long, every one admits, but the saving of twenty minutes is a sorry compensation * * * * * The English performance lasts about this time longer than the Italian; but the gain is immense, in the making of both music and action more intelligible and so more enjoyable. The opening, for instance, of the third act, the *rêveil* on ship-board, how entirely one missed, under Mr. Gye, the sense of gradual expansion, the effect of a slowly-reached climax—to say nothing of the loss of lovely music—by the omission of the picturesque instrumental prelude and the three-part chorus of women's voices. Now the "Debout! matelots," the rough halloo of the sailors comes in with twice the effect after the soft cadence of that charming trio, and when the two choirs join, after being heard independently in the hymn to Saint Dominic, the breadth of choral tone comes upon the ear with a power which was before almost wholly lost. Then, as an example of how these mutilations confuse the action of the piece, take the great solo of Vasco, "Paradise sprung from the wave!" in the fourth act. * * * * * Mr. Gye's version turned this soliloquy into an address to the Indians. Vasco, instead of being alone, wrapped, as the dramatist and composer intended, in an ecstasy of delight at the glories of the tropical isle, was made to sing his raptures in the midst of a crowd of savages, taking no notice, apparently, of their hatchets and their war-paint. The English version brings out the neat bit of dramatic contrast intended by the composer. The hero is lost in a dream about the glories which await him (*Monde nouveau tu m'appartiens*), and is presently wakened out of it by a rush of savages howling for his blood.

The excellence of the *ensemble*, as I have said, is the best feature of this performance; but the singing of some of the artists engaged is such as it would be unfair to pass without notice. Miss Pyne is the Selika, and the best Selika, beyond all comparison, who has yet appeared in London or Paris. The music is easily within her means, though it may be feared that the excessive quantity of it will fatigue her voice. Madame Sherrington sings no less admirably as Inez, and the great scene between the two ladies in the last act produces a piece of soprano duet singing the like of which for united beauty of tone can rarely have been equalled. In the concerted pieces, especially in the *finale* to the second act—one is tempted to call it the "Minstrel Boy" *finale*—the brilliance, purity, and decision of Madame Sherrington's singing are beyond all praise. Mr. Charles Adams is a competent representative of Vasco, but I cannot say his singing is remarkable for refinement. The part has too much of the "robusto" element to be well suited to him; and in striving to be forcible, he is apt to be coarse. Still, to any one who recollects the last Vasco heard here, his singing may well seem celestial. Mr. Lawrence does very well as Nelusko; his correct delivery of the crucial unaccompanied passage, "Turn to the North," is a sufficient test of the accuracy of his singing; but he, too, has to learn to unite refinement to vigour. Mr. Patey's only deficiency in the small, but highly important, part of the High Priest, is a lack of the volume of voice necessary to make his declamation tell in such a vast space. His singing is otherwise irreproachable.

With a performance so good as this, the last great work of Meyerbeer

is certain to make its way with the English public. There may be dull parts in it: if the composer had lived to hear it, it can scarcely be doubted that he would have cut down or altered the second and third acts; but there is also in it some of the noblest music ever imagined by man. The fourth and fifth acts especially win upon one every time they are heard. It would be a waste of epithets to attempt to describe in words their subtle beauties, or the total of the effect produced by the continued stream of gorgeous music. Stream, perhaps, is hardly the word for it; but even if you look at it (or listen to it) as mosaic, its many-hued loveliness is scarcely the less enchanting.

I am, Sir,

A READER.

["A Reader" might have said something about the occasional substitutes of the Pyne, the Sherrington, and the Adams. Mr. Patey's voice, too, has surely volume and to spare.—D. PETERS.]

WORCESTER PEAL, &c.

TO DISHLEY PETERS, ESQ.

DEAR MR. PETERS.—The work of restoration of Worcester Cathedral is now in full progress. It will be remembered that at a recent county meeting it was stated that a sum of £32,000 was required to complete the restoration, and about half that sum was raised at the meeting. The principal work now in hand is the restoration of the tower, and visitors to Worcester can readily see how much of that work has been begun. The four pinnacles and altogether between 20 ft. and 30 ft. of masonry (sandstone) have been removed, so that the tower now presents a very dilapidated appearance. The work of removing the stone is a tedious operation, owing to the height of the tower; but the new stone is nearly ready to replace the old. The walls of the tower will be displaced down to a line above the belfry windows. The bells have been removed, and will be replaced by a new peal, intended to equal those of York Minster. For this a special fund has been raised by the Rev. R. Cattley, Minor Canon of the cathedral, this work being undertaken as a testimonial to the Very Rev. the Dean of Worcester (Dr. Peel). Five of the bells are now hung in the nave of the cathedral, and will be sold. One has already been sold, and negotiations for the sale of three others are being carried on. Some of these bells are of very ancient date, and have upon them inscriptions which the local historiographers have strangely misread. Their removal from the belfry has afforded facilities for deciphering these inscriptions. The peal was originally one of eight bells. No. 1 (now in use at Holy Trinity Church, Worcester) has upon it the loyal inscription, "God save our King." No. 2 was stolen during the progress of the restoration works, two years ago. No. 3 is removed to one of the transepts, and is used for the daily service. It is named after Bishop Wulstan, the founder of the cathedral, and bears the following inscription:—"In honore sancti Wulstani episcopi." No. 4 had evidently an inscription at some time, which has been cut off. This is believed to have been "Honi soit qui mal y pense." No. 5 was recast by Rudhall, of Gloucester, in 1830. No. 6 has the following inscribed on it:—"Hoc opere impleto, Jesu virtute faveto." No. 7 has the following upon it:—"Habeo nomen Gabriels, missi de celis." No. 8 was also recast by Rudhall, of Gloucester, having been cracked when tolled on the death of William IV. This bell originally bore the following inscription, according to the old authorities:—

I sweetly toulng, men do call,
To taste on meat that feeds the soul.

All the bells are remarkably musical. The new door at the west entrance of the nave is completed, and the restoration of the north porch, the principal entrance to the cathedral, with the exception of the statuary and the decorative part of the work, is nearly finished.—Yours faithfully,

PERRY OF WORCESTER.

Pear Gardens, Nov. 21.

[Timotheus, the musician, compelled Alexander to skip up and down and leave his dinner. *Musica depellitur*—according to Censorinus. Is there music in bells? Theophrastus has it that diseases were either urged or mitigated by music. Epictetus called a table without music a manger. Shirley Brooks says (somewhere), "pillow'd in melody;" Horace Mayhew (parodying the thought), "night-cap'd in symphony." But does this apply to Church bells? Earl Dalmailly affects music, though he would fain have upset the festival.—D. PETERS.]

MAYENCE.—Madame. Frezzolini, so long a favourite at the Italian Operas in Milan, Paris, St. Petersburg, and other European capitals, has been singing in *La Sonnambula*. Though, the local papers observe, her voice is naturally no longer what it was, her style might be advantageously taken as a model by most *prime donne* at the present day.

AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.—A short time since, Madlle. Grossi, who was to have appeared as *Azuconain Il Trovatore*, at the Italian Opera, Paris, was suddenly prevented by indisposition from singing. In this emergency, a young artist of the name of Zeiss undertook the part, almost literally at a moment's notice, and got through her arduous task very successfully. Of a certainty, Madlle. Zeiss is another proof of the truth of the proverb cited above, or, if she prefers it, of the French equivalent: *A quelque chose malheur est bon*.—P. P. P.

LEIPSIC.—The annual concert dedicated to the memory of Mendelssohn took place at the Conservatoire (Nov. 4) in presence of a vast crowd. The posthumous quartet, in F minor, Op. 81; the pianoforte fantasia in F sharp minor (dedicated to Moscheles); Sonata for piano and violoncello in D, Op. 58, No. 2; and the *Otello*, Op. 20, executed by artists of eminent talent, constituted the programme. At the sixtieth concert of the Gewandhaus two new compositions were received with great favour, viz., a concert overture by Grutzmacher, and chorus "Le Retour du Chasseur" by Reinecke. Parts 20 and 21 of the edition of *Handel's Works*, published by the German Handel Society, have just been issued. Part 20 contains the oratorio here called *Sieg der Zeit und Wahrheit*; and Part 21, Instrumental Concertos, namely; 6 Concerti grossi, Concerto grosso, 4 Concerti, and a Sonata.—The literary Society lately got up a concert in the large hall of the Schützenhaus, in which the members of the Ossian Vocal Association, assisted by various professional artists, took part. The programme included, among other things, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*; the Romance from Hector Berlioz's *Benevento Cellini*, and a Double Concerto, in D minor, for two pianos and a full band, by Herr Carl Tharn.

CREMONA.—A certain Signor Gamba has invented a violin which resembles an upright piano, the foot of the performer moving three bows. The various notes are produced by striking the keys exactly as on the pianoforte.

HANOVER.—A touring party consisting of Signora Rita Sonieri, M. Chauvier, from Paris, Madlle. Deckner, a fair virtuosa on the violin, and Ernest Ronay, "an infant phenomenon on the Xyloceordon," lately paid this town a visit. They were under the guidance of a certain Herr Herrmann, formerly secretary to Herr Ullmann. At one time they announced, in immense posters, their intention of giving "*Concerts contemporains*," for which the tickets were issued at one thaler and ten silver groschens a head. One ticket—one—having been sold for the first concert and several given away, the concert came off at the appointed time, and the artists proved themselves really worth hearing. For the second concert, however, though the price of the tickets was reduced, only five tickets were sold. In consequence of this, the concert did not take place. In order to render the position of the artists still more unpleasant, the *impresario* stole off secretly during the night, leaving them to pay the hotel bill.

DARMSTADT.—The first performance of Meyerbeer's *Africaine* took place here on the 19th inst, with extraordinary success.

MUNICH.—According to the German papers, a new tenor is secured for the world of music—in Germany. Herr Vogel, whose approaching appearance has been the theme of conversation for some time past, has made his *début* as Max in *Der Freischütz*, and created an immense sensation. Only a few months since, this *rara avis*, or Vogel (for the sake of the mild joke, it may be mentioned that "Vogel" is the German for "Bird") was employed as an assistant master in a government school at an out-of-the-way place near Ebersberg, cut off from all intercourse with the civilised world, and completely ignorant of the comforts of this life. But he was well aware of the treasure slumbering in his larynx, so he wended his way to Munich, where Herr Lachner, the *General Musik director* immediately took him under his especial protection. Herr Vogel is not yet twenty. He possesses a pleasing exterior, is highly musical, and possesses a voice, which, beautifully sweet and at the same time exceedingly powerful, excites the enthusiasm of the audience, directly they have heard the first few notes. It appears, by the way, that Herr Vogel, who, as a teacher in a government school, is subject to the discipline exercised over all officials in the service of the State, recently received a summons to return to his pedagogical duties, unless he could adduce sufficiently valid reasons to excuse him from so doing!—According to a decree, long and anxiously looked forward to, and published on the 9th Nov., the salaries of all the members of the Royal Band have been raised.

HIDDERSFIELD.—The first of a series of orchestral concerts has been given by Mr. Garner in Philosophical Hall. The band, which consisted of about forty performers, was well drilled, and played several pieces remarkably well. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Hellen Kirke, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Lawford Huxtable, a new bass singer. Mr. R. S. Burton and Signor Randegger were the conductors.

adopted towards "this Vale," it is very evident it was not affection which restrained him. The reason of his not so exposing me lay in the fact that the English version *was* a correct one, and could bear only one interpretation. Again, however, and at the eleventh hour, I exclaim: If I am wrong, let the Berlin Editor set me right. Till he does, and *can*, I maintain that I was quite justified in founding upon the paragraph in question the charge which I did found.

Having disposed of so much, let me next show how the Berlin Editor meets the charge, which was: that the writer of the aforesaid German notice of the Gloucester Festival had placed himself between the horns of a dilemma; that either he knew nothing at all about the state of musical affairs in England, and, therefore, had no right whatever to indulge in a sneering statement devoid of truth, or he *did* know something of them and chose to assert the reverse of what he must be well aware is the real fact. The Berlin Editor does not answer the charge at all. On reference to his article, the readers of the *MUSICAL WORLD* will see that he merely observes: "This sentence Vale regards as an attack upon the national honour of musical England, &c." A remarkably easy mode of getting over a nasty difficulty, and shirking the fact that some one on his journal had penned a notice that certainly was no credit to its columns. Such conduct is, to my mind, proof positive that the step popularly known as the "double-shuffle" is not always confined to the hornpipe.

With regard to the paragraph commencing: "There is in Germany no musician," &c., I am not prepared to defend long-winded programmes any more than the Berlin Editor himself. On the contrary, I strongly object to them. But the fact that both he and I cordially agree on this point is no reason why he should allow his underlings to indulge in covert sneers at England generally,—sneers which they dare not openly defend, as we now see—when they happen to speak of an English concert "with from twelve to fifteen different numbers."

Allow me at present to proceed to that portion of the Berlin reply, which, leaving for a while the "gentle art," devotes itself to topics of a personal, though I cannot truthfully add, complimentary character. After informing the readers of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* that "this Vale" commences his correspondence with political allusions that do not concern him, *i.e.*, the Berlin Editor, that gentleman immediately follows my example and becomes as great a politician as myself. My remark about the Prussians being the Yankees of Germany, and having recently become particularly overbearing and arrogant appears to have displeased him. Why? In utter simplicity of heart I repeat: Why? Is he offended at my comparing the Prussians to a people whom he evidently admires, and who among their other great deeds actually elevated Yankee Doodle to the dignity of being their national song, a fact at which he as a musician must of course feel excessively gratified? If this be not the reason of his anger, I really cannot imagine what is. It would be rather too cool even in me to fancy he can quarrel with the truth, and I suppose he will not deny that I speak the truth in saying that the Prussians have recently become particularly overbearing and arrogant. If I am mistaken I beg to apologize, and shall feel great pleasure in asking the opinion of some of the members of the German Bund, such as Saxony, Bavaria, or Hanover, as well as in consulting the National-Verein, as to what *they* think on the subject. By the way, I may hint to the Berlin Editor that the Yankees, who did so much *with* and so much *without* England, were not the sole persons engaged, as he would seem to suppose, in the American Revolution, which was brought about by the Americans generally, of which the Yankees formed only one section. With regard to the Prussians doing what they did against the Danes *without* the

English, I beg to suggest in all humility that this was the very reason they did it. Had England interfered, the Prussian heroes would not have achieved so easy a victory. But England had more regard than Prussia for the peace of Europe. This is another "Falstaffiad" of the same kind as those "wafted across the Channel," and the Berlin Editor is perfectly welcome to it.

As for my not being an *educated* man, that is my misfortune, not my fault, for I have striven to the utmost of my wretched ability to improve my mind. But, if I *were* an educated person, I know one thing I should do: I should endeavour to write intelligibly and correctly. If I could not succeed unaided, I should get somebody to revise whatever productions of my pen were intended for the eye of the public. I should try to avoid what we call "floundering" and what the French designate by the equally expressive verb "patauger." I should, in short, eschew more carefully than the Berlin editor the slipshod element. Shoddy is bad enough in social life, but Slipshoddy in the world of letters is even worse.

I think, for instance, that if the Berlin editor had availed himself of the assistance of some competent friend he might have rendered grammatical as well as savage the paragraph about his disregard of "this Vale's" correspondence. As it stands, it is a *rudis indigestaque moles* of propositions without a logical conclusion; a wild labyrinth of dashes, or metal rules, as they are technically termed, in which its writer loses the thread of his ideas as completely as though he were as uneducated as myself.*

But, as I have already had occasion to remark once in the course of this letter, assertion is not fact. To assertion, therefore, I will subjoin proof. The Berlin editor commences by saying: "We should have totally disregarded, etc.," and gets on all right to the word "concerned." Here he indulges in a parenthetical and by no means complimentary description of how I conduct my "polemics." The description is introduced and ended with a dash. The Berlin editor then observes, "but this," and then comes another dash, expressive, I suppose, of withering scorn. If it is not, I cannot see its use, for the sentence would run on perfectly well without it up to the next dash. There, however, my praise must end, for what follows the last dash has no more connection grammatically with what precedes it, than Chili has at present, nor had a short time since, with Spain.

But, in the above instance, I can, at any rate, understand the writer's meaning, which is: that I am a Musical Clown, and that he has made up his mind to let me know what's what. When, however, he says that, had I been a man of proper feeling: "I should have blushed at rendering my own countrymen so bad a service as to boast that they never (like the Germans) had deserted Beethoven and Mendelssohn for Richard Wagner and Robert Schumann," he becomes, in the first place, more obscure than I should have expected from an educated man, which he, of course, is. Instead of blushing, I think I have reason to be proud that I *can* boast of my countrymen never deserting the first two for the last two composers mentioned. In the next place, however, the Berlin editor does something I should have expected still less from an educated man, as he, of course, is. He attributes to me words I never wrote. Bad as may be my mode of carrying on "my polemics," I would not change it for his, if the above is a specimen.

* Lest it be said that the faulty construction of the paragraph exists only in the translation, I append the original:

"Wir hätten die ganze Correspondenz dieses Vale, soweit sie uns betrifft, gar nicht beachtet—denn er führt seine Polemik gleich Einem, der sich an eine Ecke stellt, und von dort in weislicher Entfernung Schimpfworte herruft—aber dieser—Vale beginnt seine Auslassungen mit politischen Anspielungen, die nicht uns betreffen, denen aber der Redacteur der musical world einen Hauptplatz in seinem Blatte einräumt—hier scheint es geboten, dem oben bezeichneten Musik-Clown einige Worte zu sagen." VALE.

I did not say that the Germans had deserted Beethoven and Mendelssohn for Richard Wagner and Robert Schumann, as a reference to my letter in the *MUSICAL WORLD* of Sept. 30th will prove. Moreover, I never shall say so. But I shall often repeat, I hope, what I have said, very frequently, though not in the *MUSICAL WORLD* of the date just mentioned, namely, that there are some Germans who have deserted Beethoven and Mendelssohn for Richard Wagner and Robert Schumann, and such is a well-known and undeniable fact.

I am very sorry that the Berlin editor will not "descend so low as to dispute" with me, because this determination on his part will of course prevent my being favored with an answer from him. I hope he will change his mind and try the descent to which he refers. I can assure him he will find it as easy as that of Avernus, and a great deal shorter than he appears to think it. As to his confessing himself vanquished by me in vulgarity, his article proves conclusively that, like all modest men, he is too diffident of his own powers.

It was my intention to have added a small contribution in the way of news, but, as my letter has already extended to an unconscionable length, I must defer doing so till next week, and content myself with signing

VALE.

P.S.—The Berlin editor has my full permission to insert in his paper a translation of my letter. All my author's rights, as secured by international treaty, I cheerfully sacrifice.

BRIEF BRIEFS.—(Private) XIII.

To the Editor of the *MUSICAL WORLD*.

SIR,—The last time I was in Berlin, in 1862, *Oberon* was in the playbills of the Opera as "translated from the French of Planché." I thought of writing to the directors to correct this absurd and inexcusable, though, *prima facie*, quite natural mistake, but have, hitherto, not put my thought into action. You are at liberty to take any steps in the matter you may think fit.

Who is French Flowers? Is he any relation of Flora Fabri, the dancer, who, in spite of her foreign name, may be an English-woman, as M. Planché, in spite of his French name, is an Englishman?

In what language does French Flowers write? As M. Planché, having a French name, writes in English, so it is possible that Mr. French Flowers, having an English name, may write in Italian.

If French Flowers, instead of writing in Italian, writes in English, how is it that Rossini, who does not understand a word of English, manages to read his work? How could Rossini express his admiration of French Flowers' work if he had not read it? Or do you think it is because he has not read it that his opinion of it is so favourable? Might not French Flowers, under the circumstances, hereafter appropriately assume the *sobriquet* of English Plant? Yours in consternation,

Short Common, Nov. 29.

T. DUFF SHORT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second performance under Mr. Costa, on Tuesday evening—when Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and Mozart's *Requiem* were repeated, "by special desire"—was even better than the first, excepting of course the tenor music, Mr. Sims Reeves being prevented from attending by his engagement in the provinces. Mr. W. H. Cummings, his substitute, did the utmost under the circumstances, and won general credit. Miss Edmonds, who sang the soprano music (*vice* Madame Lemmens-Sherrington—like Mr. Sims Reeves, fore-engaged), sang extremely well—"to perfection" indeed, in the solo "The night is departing" leading up to the great chorus on the same words. Miss Edmonds made a decided hit, and we are glad to hear she is engaged to undertake the leading soprano music in the first Christmas performance of the *Messiah*. The *Requiem* hardly went so well as on the first occasion, although on the whole a highly effective performance.

Israel in Egypt is to be the next Oratorio.

P. P. P.

IDA AND THE STORKS.

SIR,—Mr. Leslie's and Mr. Palgrave Simpson's opera (for the burden must not be allowed to rest on one pair of shoulders alone) was so successful on Wednesday, Nov. 15, that it was repeated on Friday, Nov. 17, and announced for performance both on Wednesday and on Friday in the present week. I do not know how *Ida*; or the *Guardian Storks*, was received on being presented to the public for the second time; but I noticed that, soon afterwards, the directors of the theatre published an advertisement assuring the public, in rather an earnest tone, that on Friday (Nov. 24), "owing to the great success of *L'Africaine*," that opera, and not *Ida*; or the *Guardian Storks*, as originally announced, would be performed. I am afraid that poor *Ida*, in spite of her guardian storks, is doomed. I must now have heard the last of her, or nearly so. The waters of oblivion are closing around her, and she is sinking—if she has not already sunk—to rise no more. I should have been glad to meet with her in another form. *Ida*; or the *Guardian Storks*, would be a good title for a comedy or farce in the style of the *Barber of Seville* or of Molière's *Sicilien*. *Ida* (a nice name for an "ingénue") would, of course, be the Rosina of the piece; old Storks, her guardian, the Bartholo. It is terrible to think what short work the English public, that voracious monster, makes of our English composers. Another one has now been thrown to it, and in three nights has been what the Americans call "chawed up." What is the English Opera Company to do? Must it look out for fresh victims or must it carry on its enterprise without bringing out English operas at all? An English opera "draws" for one night because it is such fun for the gallery to have a pretext for calling the composer, the conductor, the stage-manager, the scene-painter, and the principal and inferior carpenters on to the stage. I rather thought that this sort of thing was not done in earnest, but "A Man in the Gallery" has addressed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a letter on demonstrations called forth by the first performance of *Ida*, which leaves no doubt on the subject. "It was *we*," he writes, "who encored the piece so tremendously and irresistibly, and who called the author on after every act." And he adds, "I believe there was kindly feeling enough remaining amongst us to have applauded every man in the orchestra, one at a time, and the chorus, and the scene-shifters—in brief, every person, from the composer downwards, who took part in the delightful opera of *Ida*; or the *Guardian Storks*."

SHAVER SILVER.

[It is suspected in more than three quarters that "A Man in the Gallery" and "Shaver Silver" are one and the same.—D. PETERS.]

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Last Saturday's programme contained Beethoven's Symphony in A (No. 7), of which we have never heard a more uniformly splendid performance in this country. In addition, there was Schumann's impassioned and deeply interesting overture to Schiller's *Brant von Messina*; an extremely clever *fantasia* upon a well-known Scotch melody, for pianoforte and orchestra, composed and admirably played by Mr. E. Silas; Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," scored by M. Hector Berlioz; and some vocal pieces, sung by Mdlle. Sarolta and Mr. Santley. Among these were a graceful and well-written song by Signor Pinsuti, and the Drinking Song from *Der Freischütz*, for the latter of which Mr. Santley obtained an encore. The other "vocalist," Mdlle. Sarolta, gave Mendelssohn's exquisite Zuleika (No. 1), and joined Mr. Santley in "La ci darem" (encored). Despite the atrocious weather, the attendance was large, and it was interesting to mark the rapt attention with which the symphony was heard, and the hearty and prolonged applause with which its fine execution was recognised.

At to-day's concert, among other things we are promised Mozart's Symphony in E flat; a selection from Mr. Sullivan's ballet, *L'Isle Enchantée*, Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, &c.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

After three performances, the new opera, *Ida*; or the *Guardian Storks*, has been withdrawn. At the last performance Mr. Henry Leslie himself directed the orchestra.

The other nights have been devoted to the *Africaine*. The English version of Auber's *Le Domino Noir* is announced for Wednesday.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The director of the Italiens is determined to prove to the world his incompetence in managing the affairs of his theatre. Mdle. Castri, the new prima donna (from America, I hear), whom, no doubt, he was desirous should be favourably received on her first appearance, has lost all chance of success for two very good reasons; first from being brought out in a character in which Adelina Patti last year achieved one of her most remarkable triumphs; secondly, from being introduced in an opera which, without some collateral and eminent attraction, has never been a favourite with the Parisian public. I have not forgotten that *Linda di Chamouni* was the special success of the past season; but does not everybody know that it was owing to the singing and acting of Mdle. Patti? I think it was cruel in the extreme to ask Mdle. Castri to make her *début* in Linda, and such a mistake it will take some time to rectify. The whole of the Parisian press are unanimous in asserting that a great wrong and a great error have been committed in the selection of Linda for Mdle. Castri's first appearance. Of the "great error" there can be no doubt; of the "great wrong" I am not so well assured, since I have my opinion that the new lady will not better her position when she comes out in a part in which Adelina Patti has not appeared at all. Mdle. Castri has a pleasing voice and is lady-like and easy on the stage; but of singing she knows little, and of acting nothing. Mdle. Grossi made a tolerable Pierotto. Would that some friend would seriously advise her to get rid of that pernicious habit she has of forcing the lower register of her voice to produce, as she fancies, tone, whereby every ear but her own is offended. Mdle. Grossi has certainly a fine voice, but the defect alluded to is fatal, and will prevent her from ever becoming a general favourite. From this wilful habit one might think that she had obtained her vocal instructions in England. I know more than one contralto in London against whom the same charge might be fairly laid. With the exception of Signor Scalse, whose Marquis in its way is inimitable, the rest of the cast was indifferent. Signor Nicolini is a very disappointing singer; now charming you by sweet notes and artistic phrasing; now forcing his voice until it becomes painful to listen to, and singing like a novice. Carlo is not a great part for a tenor, but a good artist never fails to make his mark in it. Signor Nicolini makes no mark in Carlo. The rôle of Antonio is not ill suited to Signor Delle-Sedie; but somehow he did not succeed in the great scene in the second act. Signor Agnesi did not remind me of Lablache in the part of the Magistrate. The subscribers and the patrons of the Italian Opera seem to have set their faces against the introduction of ballet at the Salle Ventadour. Every night when a *divertissement* is given but few remain after the opera, and the reception accorded to the dancers is disheartening. *Il Basilico*, a ballet in one act by M. St. Léon, with music by M. Graziani, was produced a few evenings since, and I believe, had it been performed at the Opéra, would have made a genuine success. It was, however, received by the audience, or spectators, at the Italiens with the utmost indifference. I do not think with many that M. Bagier has committed a radical error in endeavouring to unite ballet and opera in one entertainment. In every Italian Opera, in every country, as far as I know, except the Italian Opera of Paris, the ballet has always been a special element of the performances. In Paris the reason why Italian Opera does not include the ballet is simply because that kind of entertainment has belonged by right to the Grand Opéra since, I believe, its foundation, and the directors have naturally been anxious to keep the monopoly to themselves. When the monopoly was destroyed, and all the theatres made patent to Terpsichore, M. Bagier naturally conceived he would join together these two kinds of entertainment, which the world had long accepted as Italian Opera. Unfortunately for M. Bagier, he took up the ballet at a time when its *prestige* was on the decline, and when its influence had almost entirely died out in London, where it was once supreme. I cannot find fault with the director of the Italiens for attempting to introduce the ballet at the Salle Ventadour. He has enough to answer for, but this is not one of the sins of his administration. To show at what a low ebb the Italian Opera has arrived in Paris, I may mention that the company have been "let" to M. Briet, director of the Théâtre des Arts at Rouen, and that they commence a series of performances at that theatre in the latter end of

December, and that the *Barbiere*, interpreted by Madame de la Grange, Signors Baragli, Verger, Scalse and Selva, will be the first opera given.

M. Duprez has had a misunderstanding with M. Massue, director of the Grand Théâtre Parisien, and has withdrawn his new opera, *Jeanne d'Arc*, whereupon M. Massue closed his theatre, "upon compulsion." As far as I can make out it is a question of money, and M. Massue affirms that the opera was a rank failure, and has partly ruined him. M. Duprez in great indignation vows he will never allow another opera of his to be brought out at the Grand Théâtre Parisien, at least under the present management; and M. Massue retorts and refers him to M. Bagier. There is a correspondence between the manager and the tenor-composer published in the musical journals which I cannot make out, but I suppose the affair will end in a suit-at-law. Meanwhile, Mdle. Brunetti threatens an action for damages against her old master for breach of engagement, and lays the penalty at 50,000 francs.

The selection given at the Sixth Popular Concert of Classical Music on Sunday last was as follows:—Symphony in A major—Mendelssohn; Overture to *Coriolan*—Beethoven; Polonaise from *Struensee* (le Bal et l'Arrestation)—Meyerbeer; Symphony in C major, No. 2—Beethoven.

The Abbé Liszt, though invisible and his whereabouts kept a profound secret, has written a letter which has found its way into print. It appears some of his friends in Vienna were desirous that his new oratorio should be brought out in the Austrian capital, and signified so much to him in an epistle. The indignant Church virtuoso, reminding of a slur thrown some time since upon his talents as a composer by the Viennese, thus made response to the applicant:—

"Whether or not the work would meet with a favorable reception in Vienna is a question that cannot be decided; but, as far as I am concerned, it is my first duty to spare my friends, and not expose them to the most disagreeable trials. Unfortunately there are mixed up in the production of my works foreign and not particularly pure elements, and I think it advisable not to encourage them. Without the slightest ill-will, I frankly confess to you that, after the unbecoming reception accorded to the *Prometheus* choruses in Vienna, I prefer renouncing any further experiments under the same circumstances. Let us, therefore, leave *Elisabeth* quietly at Pesth, till she goes, next year, as the probability will, to Thuringia, &c."

The abbe-composer does not evidence his usual clearness in this letter, and I cannot altogether comprehend the "advisability of his not encouraging particularly pure elements." I myself did not translate the Abbé's letter, which appeared in a Viennese journal, but I can answer for the faithfulness of the English version.

Paris, Nov. 29.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

DEATH OF SIGNOR BADIALLI.—We regret to state that this once highly popular barytone, whose serious illness we recently alluded to, died a few days since, at Bologna in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

NEWS FOR ARTHUR CHAPPELL.—According to a Boston (Massachusetts) paper, "Herr Rosa, whose face when viewed in full front reminds one slightly of Mozart's, who is evidently a young man of the first order of talent, and who at one-and-twenty holds a high official position among Continental musicians, has been chosen by Mr. Chappell (Director of the now famous Monday Popular Concerts in London) as his solo violinist for the next season." Herr Rosa is one of the Parepa party, now with Mr. Bateman in the Reunited States.

GUILDFORD.—(From a correspondent.)—Madame Arabella Goddard's Pianoforte Recital here proved an extraordinary success. A crowded attendance, a splendid programme (which I need not detail, seeing that it has already more than once appeared in your columns), a series of unsurpassed and unsurpassable performances, and the warmest appreciation on the part of the audience. These were the incidents of this memorable event. Some songs by Signor Ambonetti (an agreeable singer, who replaced Mrs. George Dolby, absent on account of indisposition), divided the instrumental pieces from each other. Madame Goddard must not delay her second visit to Guildford. The impression she has created is far too genuine.—FANATICO.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

The miserable weather of Wednesday last did not prevent a crowded and enthusiastic audience from assembling in Exeter Hall to listen to Haydn's ever fresh and genial *Creation* under the guidance of Mr. G. W. Martin, whose energies well deserve the success with which they appear to be crowned. A second hearing of Mr. Leigh Wilson fully confirmed the favorable impression created upon the occasion of his first appearance in *Elijah*. The music of the *Creation* afforded Mr. Wilson more than one opportunity of distinguishing himself, and after "Now vanish before the holy beams" and "In native worth," hearty applause rewarded the efforts of the singers, who had no alternative but to repeat the latter air in obedience to the strongly expressed desire for a redemand. Good advice is much more frequently tendered than acted upon, and Mr. Wilson may prove no exception to the (too frequent) rule; but, no less for his own sake than for the sake of the profession he has adopted, it is to be hoped that this gentleman will listen to disinterested counsellors and diligently strive to cultivate a voice so exceptionally good that it should be a fortune to its possessor. Giving Mr. Wilson full credit for all that he has done so far, there is yet before him not only much to learn, but much to unlearn ere he can take that position to which his hopes should naturally lead. If Mr. Wilson wishes to make Oratorio his forte let him take pattern by the singer whose voice his own so wonderfully resembles; let him observe that Mr. Sims Reeves does not produce his great effects in solos only, but that his singing in recitatives and concerted pieces is no less admirable and bears evidence of quite as much thought, care, and study as the more grateful, if not more difficult, airs. At present both in recitatives and concerted pieces Mr. Wilson leaves much to be desired. He is young, however, and it only remains for himself to show what use he will make of the available means at his disposal.

The principal soprano music devolved upon Miss Pyne, the principal bass upon Mr. Santley, who leaves on Monday for a four months' engagement at Milan. With two such artists, the fullest justice was certain to be rendered to Haydn's music, and the frequent plaudits of the audience showed how thoroughly the two accomplished singers were appreciated; Mr. Santley being compelled to repeat "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," while Miss Pyne might have felt quite justified in acceding to an encore for "With verdure clad." Miss Susan Galton sang the soprano music in the third part, and acquitted herself very creditably. The choruses were remarkably well sung throughout, and were ably supported by the band, which comprised most of our leading instrumentalists. The *Messiah* is announced to be given on Wednesday, 20th December.

DRINKWATER HARD.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S CONCERTS.—The performances at Her Majesty's Theatre have maintained their prestige and their attraction throughout the week. On Saturday Miss Laura Harris made her first appearance, and achieved a brilliant success, being encoored and afterwards recalled in both her songs, viz., the rondo finale from *La Sonnambula*, with the andante, and Arditi's "Tic, tic, tic." The young lady has been singing every night since with remarkable eclat. Mr. Santley appears this evening for the last time, his engagement at the Scala in Milan calling him away next week.

BATH.—A very agreeable soirée was given in the Assembly Rooms, on Thursday, Nov. 23rd, by a new aspirant for fame, in the person of Mdlle. Emma Moyard, who exhibited a nice touch and brilliant finger in pieces by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Rosellen, Ascher, &c. Mdlle. Emma Moyard was warmly encouraged by a select audience; particularly in Osborne and De Beriot's concertante duet, "Guillaume Tell," in which the violin part was played with great effect on the concertina, by Mr. R. Blagrove, who also contributed two solos. The instrumental portion of the programme was relieved by the delightful singing of Miss Banks, who executed with great finish an aria from Mercadante's "Giuramento," Abt's "Cuckoo," and Massini's "Sylvan Echo." She also gave tender and touching expression to Mrs. John Macfarren's charming new ballad, "One Year" (A Village Tale). Mr. W. H. Cooke officiated as accompanist. Mr. R. Blagrove was encoored in one of his solos, Miss Banks in two songs.—(From a Correspondent.)

BRIGHTON.—In consequence of the flattering success of Herr Engel's first harmonium recital, the overflowing attendance thereat, and the great satisfaction felt by the audience, Herr Engel has been requested to give a second performance to take place on Wednesday next, Dec. 6.—(Brighton Paper.)

THE LEEDS CHORAL UNION AND "YOUR LEEDS CORRESPONDENT."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Amongst musical people in Leeds, there is a feeling of regret that so old and influential a journal as the *Musical World* should be made use of by unscrupulous writers for their own glorification, and the propagation of untruths. It is not, of course, expected that an editor of a London magazine can judge the motives of those who send them communications from the country. Every man, according to English notions, is presumably honest until the contrary be proved. It is pretty well known in Leeds who the correspondent is who sent you so fulsome and so untruthful a paragraph as that which appeared in the *Musical World* of November 25th. But what surprises us here in Leeds most is, that men professing a love for the art they practise should use every effort, good, bad, and indifferent, to prevent the performance of really good music by really good performers.

Were the principle which Dr. Spark endeavours to inculcate followed out, music would be at a standstill in Leeds, and we should be compelled to submit to the very poor concerts which he has arranged and conducted for years past. As to last season's orchestral concerts, although they were certainly an advance upon previous efforts, they were notoriously deficient in that excellence which you in London and the people of Manchester have frequent opportunities of enjoying. Those few members of Mr. Charles Hallé's band, who were engaged as "stars" well know the truth of this, and their superior playing served only to bring out in greater prominence the deficiencies of two-thirds of the band. Besides, Dr. Spark is mentally deficient, in the general opinion of musical people here, to conduct, satisfactorily a large body of instrumentalists.

The Leeds Choral Union was established with the view of uniting the discordant elements which for years have been swayed by the two rival musicians here, Mr. R. S. Burton and Dr. Spark.

Both these gentlemen assisted the committee in giving a series of concerts, vocal and instrumental, and the very first rule of the Society states that its object is for "the practise and performance of vocal and other music." How, then, it can be said that the Choral Union has departed from its functions, I leave to the easy consciences of such men as your correspondent to determine.

No sooner were the two musicians "united" than they set to work like the Kilkenny cats—to annihilate each other; and for months the Committee of the Choral Union were continually engaged in trying to settle the difference of these amiable musicians. At a special meeting of the Choral Union the two men (Mr. Burton and Dr. Spark) were permitted to "explain" matters, and a very pretty little business it was. Each accused the other of "dishonourable conduct," and the meeting separated in a very divided state. Matters became worse and worse, and the Committee found that the "uniting" business had utterly failed. Dr. Spark then set to work to establish a rival vocal society, which, however, failed; and at the next general meeting of the Choral Union he was expunged from their list of members. The Union continued Mr. Burton as their conductor; but owing to his inattention generally and his frequent non-attendance at the rehearsals, the Committee determined to try another system altogether.

The society did not quarrel or have any words with Mr. Burton as your correspondent states. For many years the hot-headed opposition which the two public local musicians have waged against each other has so disgusted our townspeople that they have determined to give both "the cold shoulder;" and it was only on the urgent request of many of our influential residents that the Choral Union Committee took measures for getting up a series of first-class concerts. These concerts were not announced until within a week or two of the 8th of November, the date at which Dr. Spark's first orchestral concert was announced to be given (but which never took place), "provided 400 tickets were subscribed for." Only some 150 tickets were at this time bespoke, although about two months had been spent in endeavouring to obtain subscribers. It is not true, therefore, as your correspondent intimates, that the Choral Union stepped in "just at the moment of expected success" of Dr. Spark's concerts. Although only a few weeks have elapsed since active steps were taken by the Choral Union Committee to obtain subscribers, they have received the names of all the principal inhabitants, and nearly 400 tickets have already been secured.

If Dr. Spark and his friends were wise, they would at once bow to this very decisive expression of opinion. One thing is certain, there are hundreds of persons in Leeds who have good reasons for refusing to support any concert scheme to which Dr. Spark's name is attached; and there are perhaps an equal number who likewise refrain from attending Mr. Burton's concerts.—I enclose my card, and remain, yours, &c.,
A LOVER OF TRUTH.

Muttoniana.

Dr. Head has been honored by a communication from Sir Evelyn—or now, since his elevation to the peerage, Lord Evelyn—Blood. It is, as usual, critical.

DEAR DR. HEAD.—You may remember me at Brazenoe. I was very pale, and you were not quick at your Humanities. They used to nickname me "Bloodless Blood," and you "Headless Head." Have you forgotten? I answer for you—"No." At the same time I own I never could have conceived the idea of your having so distinguished a literary position as that of temporary editor of *Muttoniana*. But as temporary editor you are, I will ask you two questions:—What does the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Nov. 13) mean by telling its readers (of whom myself) that Carlyle is "the greatest poet of this age?" If to poetise means to make, then truly, Carlyle has made a Cromwell and a Frederick of his own, just as that plodding donkey Froude has made a Henry; but I call rather Tennyson, the poet of the age—he who described Sir E. Lytton as a "band box." Tennyson made a Bulwer of his own. But besides this he has done what Carlyle has never done. What that was, my dear Head, I leave you to guess.

Still odder. What does Leicester Buckingham (*Morning Star*, Nov. 14) mean by this describing to his readers (of whom not myself) an operetta called *The Market Girls*:—"The production from beginning to the end bristles with beauties and gems." Why should "end" have a definite article, and "beginning" none? What does L. B. mean by "bristling with beauties?" What by "bristling with gems?"

Castle Sanguine, Nov. 27.

Blood.

Lord Blood, while about it, might just as reasonably have asked Dr. Head what "L." means, in the same *Pall Mall Gazette*, by stating that "Mr. Fechter looked like a picture." Does he mean a portrait, or a landscape, or a waterscape (fresh or otherwise)?—might have been asked fairly and intemperately; and if either, which?—and if which, why? What is it to look "like a picture?"—might equally be asked. This was in a review of *The Watch Cry* (P. M. G., "ante," Nov. 11). Dr. Head does remember young Evelyn being nicknamed "Bloodless Blood," but does not remember young Job being nicknamed "Headless Head." But this thwart the argument. Dr. Head felicitates his fellow Brazenonian on elevation to the peerage, stipulating that he (Head) also looks for elevation, if not to the peerage.

CLIQUEURS ABROAD AND AT HOME.

SIR,—One or two recent disputes between the Parisian *cliqueurs* and their employers, the actors and dramatists, would seem to indicate that the false position in which the latter are placed by this absurd system is at last beginning to be understood across the Channel. On the other hand, there is, I fear, reason to suspect that the "Romans" in one shape or another, are gaining a footing in some of our own theatres. It is apparently becoming the practice to pack the house on the first nights of new pieces, and to organize "ovations" as a regular part of the performance. The effect of the *claque* in France is that the real audience is rarely, if ever, moved to applause. Even if disposed to bestow it by the merit of the piece or the acting, the impulse is checked by repugnance to being associated with the low hirelings in the pit. French actors will tell you that they would gladly escape, if they could, from the vulgar tyranny and impudent extortions of the *claque*. But that they dread the depressing silence which would ensue if this artificial stimulant were withdrawn. In fact, like the dram-drinker or opium-eater, they are afraid to dispense with the accustomed excitement. English actors will do well to take warning in time, and not give way to the pernicious indulgence.—I am, Sir, yours obediently, P. M. G.

To Dr. Job Head.

"P. M. G." must be considerably green if he imagines that the organisation of "ovations" is just "apparently becoming the practice" in England. Dr. Head sat through the first performance of *The Siege of Rochelle*, and the first performance of every English opera, and of every adaptation of a foreign opera, that has since been produced in London. Moreover, there is no organised *claque* at the Théâtre des Italiens, Place Ventadour.

ENGLISH OPERAS?

SIR,—I wish to draw attention to an uncommon article which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* one day last week, and which, though not remarkable for its wisdom, has sufficient of ability in its writing to render it very mischievous to that much persecuted race of men known as English composers. The burden of the song to which I am alluding is the futility of Englishmen endeavouring to compose operas. In connection with the present opera company it is stated, with regard to the applause with which the first night of Mr. Henry Leslie's opera was received, that the writer of the article in question had assisted

"at a good many first representations of the same kind; and that the enthusiasm called forth in such abundance by Mr. Leslie's *Ida* had been equally elicited by the same composer's *Romance*, and by a multitude of operas by Mr. Frank Mori, Mr. Hatton, Mr. Alfred Mellon, Mr. Frederick Clay, and we may even add, Mr. Macfarren, of which the very names are now forgotten by every one except a few musical critics, and chroniclers who are paid to remember them."

This remark, by the way is not very complimentary to the composers or to the "chroniclers," whoever they may be. I will admit that Mr. Hatton's opera was not a good one, and that Mr. Macfarren's *Hevellyn* was wearisome, in spite of the merit and learning of the composer, and the *magnum et venerabile nomen* of Mr. Oxenford, who produced the libretto, and *than whom* the writing of no Englishman is more graceful, and scholarlike. With regard to Mr. Mori and Mr. Clay, their works were one-act operettas, sliced up and trimmed so as to enable the conclusion of the pantomime to take place before a quarter past eleven. The better to enable them to effect this result their operettas were allowed to commence at seven instead of half-past. To each work was allotted a pleasant little trip of three weeks, and when each had fulfilled its modest mission of playing the folks in for the pantomime, the piece was withdrawn for the admirable reason that the directors had got something else which they were pledged to bring out—*voilà tout*. The upshot, then, of the article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is, that Mr. Leslie, Mr. Mellon, Mr. Hatton, and Mr. Macfarren, have each of them (wonderful to relate!) written operas which have not retained possession of the stage. Are we to presume, then, that the composition of unsuccessful works is an attribute confined exclusively to English musicians? I would prefer, rather, to look at the subject from what I consider, a more just point of view.

The evil is, that the demand for operas by native writers is so small that, should an important work prove a failure, the operatic administration for the time begins to feel uncomfortable, whilst two or three such unprofitable productions would have the effect of shutting up the theatre. Thus, if the superficial result of the musical mine which is being worked turn out unsatisfactorily, the management has not the perseverance (perhaps not the power) to dig any deeper. Then, again, for the last six or seven years English opera has found itself housed in such a spacious home that a particular class of opera is almost dictated by the dimensions of the theatre. To write a suitable work for Covent Garden, a composer requires thorough and experienced mastery over large choral and orchestral resources; he must be fortunate in the acquisition of a libretto which shall lend itself to scenic decoration, and shall contain dramatic interest so palpable—I had almost said sensational—as to render the audience almost independent of that large portion of the piece which is necessarily narrative, and which, whether in dialogue or in recitative is, from the size of the house, well-nigh unintelligible. It will be urged that *Don Juan* and the *Barbier* answer pretty well at Covent Garden, and that they only require two or three scenes each, and it does not much signify what those scenes are. I can only answer that I am not legislating for masters whose monuments will live so long as the world loves music, but I am endeavouring to point out the difficulties which beset the path of a young writer, anxious to do well, and perhaps even capable of good things. If his genius incline him towards a pastoral subject on the model of the *Sonnambula*, or a piece of light comedy such as the *Domino Noir*, or broad fun like *Orphée aux Enfers*, it cannot be fairly said that he has had a chance. He must write in accordance with the exigencies of the big theatre; he must take a grand subject, lending itself to pageant and scenic decoration, or his work will not be produced with a successful result. I do not urge that English musicians are heaven-born composers, but I have no reason to think that they are so very far behind the writers of other countries, and I incline to believe that, were their works fostered with the care and attention which foreign writers receive from their nations, an opera from an English composer might be found to leave its mark in the history of music, after all.—I am, Sir, yours very obedient servant, GLOWWORMS ECHO.

Hedgside, Nov. 30.

Dr. Head refers Mr. Glowworms Echo to Mr. Zamiels Owl, or rather to Mr. Shaver Silver, "than whom the writing of no Englishman is more graceful and scholar-like—stipulating that the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* are patulous.

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

DEAR HEAD,—The choice of a recipient for the highest unhereditary reward the Sovereign can bestow would be difficult if, as the ignorant suppose, the claims of men who have served their Queen and country best in the working, fighting, healing, writing, or talking professions were considered; but such is not the case. The well-known legend of the origin of the order is to be believed by those who like, but there are other equally trustworthy stories of King Richard's warriors of the blue thong at Acre, who tied handkerchiefs round their legs as distinctive marks, from which it is said the order derives its name. Its invocation of Saint George as patron is, of course, in honor of England's guardian saint

(who, it is to be hoped, is not the same St. George that Gibbon describes as a dishonest commissary-general); but this name was displeasing to Edward VI., who was desirous of changing the title to the Order of the Bible. The ribbon was formerly hung round the neck, but when Charles II., saw the little Duke of Richmond wearing it over his shoulder, he was so pleased that he ordered all the knights to carry it in a similar manner. The color of the ribbon was cobalt, but was changed to dark blue by George I., to distinguish the loyal knights from some created by the Pretender. The order is limited to twenty-five knights, exclusive of sovereigns and princes, and though it is to be regretted that the decoration is not more frequently bestowed on those whose acts or virtues seem to deserve it, the very heavy fees attendant on an investiture would convert the reward into a punishment if it were conferred on a poor man. An instalment in the chapel is now always dispensed with, the investiture, a ceremony conducted in the Garter room, being considered sufficient. Every knight, before receiving the Royal accolade, is exhorted by the Bishop of Oxford to follow the paths of righteousness; and therefrom it results that the twenty-five gentlemen who form the brotherhood cause the most noble order to be as much respected for its virtue as for its nobility.

Yours, dear Head, CAPER O'COBBY (Knt.)

If Dr. Head be not misinstructed the intended future recipient (he need hardly add "the most fitting") of the Order of the Garter is Mr. Ap'Mutton. Sir Owain Ap'Mutton will be the first commoner absolute ever invested with this distinguished badge; for, Dr. Head need scarcely suggest, Lords Castlereagh and Palmerston, though sitting in the Commons, were more or less Irish earls. Mr. Ap'Mutton was at the palace when the Black Prince picked up the garter. He (Ap'M.) had been dancing with the Countess of Salisbury, who dropped it, and seeing the Prince hesitating what decent to say at the pinch, whispered in his ear, "*Hony soit qui mal y pense.*" The Prince, taking the hint with great quickness, and evidently pleased, repeated the phrase in loud and measured tones, dwelling emphatically upon each syllable. The Countess blushed and Mr. Ap'Mutton smiled. He (Ap'M.) was also at Ascalon, with *Cœur de Lion* and the *Blue Thong*, and, moreover, tied a certain white handkerchief round his leg. All this Dr. Head had from Mr. Ap'Mutton himself, who requires no exhortation from a Bishop before the accolade; but this athwart the argument.

HAYDN NOT HADYN.

DR. HEAD.—Why will your compositors persist in spelling Haydn *Hadyn*? See Deal, ante page 744, concert of Mr. Harrison—"Haydn's canzonets,"—yours,
AARON BONE.

Dr. Head cannot say, stipulating he does not know.

THEATRES *versus* MUSIC-HALLS.

SIR,—The *Morning Post* says that the late decision in the Court of Common Pleas has advanced free trade in popular amusements one more step nearer to that absolute concession at which it inevitably must, sooner or later arrive. Why "monopoly" or "protection" should be extended to theatres when free trade is the successful characteristic of the kingdom in everything else, it is impossible to conceive. If there be a class of persons who can honestly enjoy "Hamlet" and devilled kidneys in combination, and can find that light clouds of tobacco smoke lend enchantment to a ballet, why should they be denied the possibility of procuring that united pleasure? The theatres can expect no concession on the score of superior outlay, for a glance at the music-hall of the present day is sufficient to demonstrate that the capital invested and expended on them equals that of themselves. Nor can they object to the music-halls that their real business is that of a tavern, for there is not a theatre now which does not include a "bar" doing quite as much business as that of the neighbouring gin-palace, whose remonstrances on that head would not be likely to prove very effective. There is not, in short, one single reason why the nature and extent of public entertainments should be subjected to any other restriction than that required out of public respect for good order and decency.

The *Daily Telegraph* remarks that this case suggests that it is very hard to say what is a stage play. The Lord Chamberlain's license is not required where the entertainment does not present "a consecutive train of ideas." Such, after months of elaborate legal discussion and investigation, seems to be the nearest approach to an exact rule which forensic and judicial acumen can suggest. Might it not be worth the while of the litigants to lay their heads together, and to see whether they cannot obtain some amendment of the law on the subject, with a more precise statutory definition of the word "play"? It is quite clear that persons having the mere dancing license will not be allowed to invade the province of the acted and spoken drama, and therefore, as respects the principal and most legitimate source of stage attractions, the

theatrical managers need not fear unauthorized competition. But they themselves would derive an obvious advantage from knowing precisely the extent of their exclusive privileges. Both parties have a common interest in closing the controversy between them, just as adjacent land-owners have a common interest in settling the boundary of their estates. In the present case, the representative of the theatres has been defeated; but the true interests of the drama may in the end be advanced by its separation from merely spectacular entertainments; and possibly the very fact that theatrical lessees can no longer claim a monopoly of these attractions may promote increased attention to the more intellectual branch of the dramatic profession.—Your obedient servants,

14 Buckingham St. W.—Nov. 4.

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Dr. Head, in reply to the *Morning Post*, would court an explanation of the phrase "the capital invested and expended on them equals that of themselves." In reply to the *Daily Telegraph*, Dr. Head would ask the meaning of "both parties have a common interest," and the meaning of "the controversy between them." The "both" and "between them" are superfluous. Unless both have the interest the interest cannot be "common," and a controversy would not be a controversy unless it was between certain parties. *Nonne vides?*

Fish and Volume, Dec. 1.

Job Head.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS are to be resumed in the third week of January.

MR. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN has completed the first two movements of an orchestral symphony, about which report says flattering things.

MR. COSTA has gone, for a brief interval of repose, to Dover.

MISS MILLY PALMER.—After playing *Arrah-na-Pogue* with the greatest success in the largest towns in the provinces for more than 200 nights, Miss Milly Palmer this evening brings her present engagement with Mr. Boucicault to a most satisfactory termination.

HASTINGS.—(From a Correspondent).—So great and refined a musical treat has not for some time been experienced at Hastings as the "Pianoforte Recital" given by Madame Arabella Goddard some short time since. The programme contained most of the pieces which, according to your correspondence, have—under the magic spell of those richly endowed fingers, to which nothing comes amiss—created so deep and lasting an impression. Mozart's Turkish Sonata, or rather Sonata with the Turkish march for finale; Kalkbrenner's *Femme du Marn*; Studies by Moscheles and Chopin; Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*; Beethoven's Sonata, with the Funeral March; and Thalberg's *Fantasia on Lucrezia Borgia*, made a rich and varied programme. How perfectly Madame Goddard plays one and all of these pieces your readers need not be informed. Enough that she enchanted her hearers beyond measure, and that the "Recital" was in every respect a brilliant success. The room was crowded with "fashion;" and, though the audience showed a large preponderance of the fairer sex, the applause was hearty, genuine and frequent. Everyone was pleased with the expressive and unaffected singing of Mrs. George Dolby. I am sure that the announcement of another "Recital" at Hastings by Madame Arabella Goddard would be hailed with general enthusiasm. A LOCAL PROFESSOR.

CROYDON.—(From a Correspondent).—Last week Madame Arabella Goddard delighted the amateurs of this very musical town with one of her charming and highly intellectual "Pianoforte Recitals." There was a very large and distinguished audience, and every piece in the programme (the same described in your latest number by a correspondent from another place) afforded heartfelt and unanimous gratification. Madame Goddard played from first to last in her most perfect style, to lavish praises on which would be now-a-days supererogatory. I shall not attempt either criticism or eulogy, but be content with adding that, as an amateur of the pianoforte, I derived both delight and instruction from our truly great artist's unrivalled performances.—H. L. M.

MR. JOHN MORGAN, who made so favorable a debut on the Italian stage at the beginning of the present year, as *primo tenore* in the operas of *La Traviata*, *Lucia*, *I falsi Monetari*, and *I Lombardi*, is still at Milan. He has rescinded his engagements at Pavia, Venice, and other towns in Italy, preferring to continue his studies another year.

GRESHAM COLLEGE.—Professor Wyld delivered three lectures at this time-honoured college last week before an audience that filled every seat in the Theatre. The thesis of the lectures was "Musical Taste." We purpose commencing next week a condensed report of the professor's remarks on this subject, believing from the interest manifested in their delivery that the subject of these artistic lectures will prove interesting to our readers.

BRIGHTON.—Messrs. R. Potts and Co., the eminent and enterprising music publishers, gave a morning concert on Wednesday last, at the Royal Pavilion. The artists were Mesdames Sherrington and Saindon Dolby, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, C. Oberthür (harp), Blagrove (violin), and E. de Paris (piano). The concert commenced with Mr. Henry Leslie's trio "O Memory," most artistically rendered by Madame Sherrington, Madame Dolby, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper. Mr. Blagrove executed the *andante* and *finale* from Mendelssohn's concerto, arranged as a violin solo by himself. Madame Saindon Dolby gave with admirable voice and style M. Gounod's romance "Le Vallon." Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang Handel's "Rendi T sereno," after which Madame Sherrington gave Wrighton's song, "Shylie Bawn," and won for it an enthusiastic encore, when she substituted the song "Sweet Nightingale," composed by M. Boscovitch. M. E. de Paris, as a pianoforte solo, played a transcription of the Austrian Hymn, Egghart, and "Les Clochettes," by Wollenhaupt. Madame Saindon Dolby, in Herr Blumenthal's romance "The Children's Kingdom," received a well-merited encore. Verdi's duetto, "E, il sol dell'anima" (*Rigoletto*) by Madame Sherrington and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, was followed by an arrangement of Scotch airs, for the harp, by Mr. C. Oberthür. Madame Saindon Dolby, in her unaffected and good old English school of singing, gave Claribel's simple ballad, "I cannot sing the old songs," with charming effect. Beethoven's duo (piano and violin), "Tema con variazioni," from sonata Op. 47, was rendered by M. E. de Paris and H. Blagrove with great brilliancy of execution. Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang Hatton's ballad, "The Return," with considerable taste, and M. Gounod's aria, "La messagera d'amore," was given by Madame Sherrington with so much expression as to elicit an encore, for which she substituted "The Young Girl to her Dove." Mr. H. Blagrove's violin fantasia on *Luisa Miller*, was a masterpiece of violin playing. The prayer from Rossini's *Mosè* terminated this long but successful concert, which reflects great credit on the worthy entrepreneurs for affording the visitors and inhabitants of Brighton such a treat. Madame Arabella Goddard gave her "Third Recital" yesterday (Thursday). It was the most brilliantly successful of the three. Next week a full account.—(From a Correspondent—Brighton, Dec. 2.)

VICTORIA HALL, BAYSWATER.—A dramatic performance was given at the Bijou Theatre, Archer Street, Westbourne Grove, on Friday, November the 24th, by the members of the Railway Dramatic Society, which attracted a very large number of the friends of the amateurs, the hall, indeed, being crowded in every part. The selection comprised the farce, *Turn Him Out*, the drama, *A Bird in the Hand worth Two in the Bush*, and the farce, *Boots at the Swan*. In addition, Mr. H. Tinson recited a "Whimsical Prologue," written for the occasion, and the band of the Grenadier Guards performed a number of popular pieces. The performances were unusually good, a few of the amateurs displaying genuine dramatic talent, among whom we may mention Mr. Grainger, who played Nicodemus Nobbs in *Turn Him Out*, and Capias Sharke in *A Bird in the Hand*; Mr. Osborne, who played Eglantine Roseleaf in the first piece, and Mr. Walter Melville and Mr. W. Thomas, who performed respectively Roderick Praiseworthy and Major Stormont in the second. Indeed, it was generally admitted that Mr. Grainger, by his easy bearing and finished manner, had put himself altogether beyond the pale of amateurship. In *Boots at the Swan*, Mr. Suter was very humorous as Jacob Earwig, but the acting was a little overdone. The ladies who officiated were Mrs. Charles Harcourt, the Misses Emily Claremont and Clara Ellar, who played with admirable effect. Mr. H. Tinson, in his whimsical recital, showed real comic powers, and was one of the special hits of the evening. The band of the Grenadier Guards performed the overture to *Masaniello*, the Mabel Waltz, a selection from *Martha*, a quadrille, and a fantasia, all of which pieces were received with loud applause, and helped to vary and relieve the dramatic performances. Altogether, a more successful amateur essay has seldom been given in or out of a theatre.

EDINBURGH.—(From a Correspondent.)—The Choral Union and Tonic Sol-Fa Association gave a performance of Haydn's *Creation* in the Music Hall, on the 24th inst. The soloists were Miss Rose Hersee, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. David Lambert. Miss Hersee was most successful in "With verdure clad." Mr. Perren did ample justice to "In native worth," and "In splendour bright." Mr. Lambert, in the recitative, "Straight opening her fertile womb," showed both judgment and executive ability.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I shall feel extremely obliged by your allowing me a little space in your valuable paper to correct a mistaken statement that occurred in your number of the 18th inst. The "Bravura Polka" is an entirely new song composed by me expressly for Maddle. Liebhart and not one "arranged" for her.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
Nov. 30. P. D. GUGLIELMO.

BIRMINGHAM.—M. Jullien *filz* has commenced a series of Promenade Concerts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre with remarkable success. A capital programme, an enthusiastic reception to the conductor, and an immense attendance the first night are recorded in the Birmingham papers. M. Jullien has taken with him from London a staff of some thirty efficient instrumentalists, which, aided by about twenty of the best local professors, makes a highly efficient orchestra some fifty in number. The solo vocalists are Madame Liebhart, an especial favourite in and out of the Metropolis, and Mr. Rosenthal, the barytone; the solo instrumentalists, Mdlle. Madeline Schiller (pianoforte) and Mr. Paque (violoncello). On the opening night the band played the *Andante* from Beethoven's C minor Symphony, the overtures to *Oberon* and *Fra Diavolo*, and accompanied Mdlle. Schiller in Mendelssohn's pianoforte Concerto in G minor, displaying excellent qualities in all three. Mdlle. Schiller had a real success in Mendelssohn's Concerto, and Madame Liebhart created enthusiasm in all her songs. There was also some sparkling *morceaux de danse*. A more promising "inauguration" could not have been desired. The concerts, we believe, are to extend over a period of three weeks.

FAVERSHAM, KENT.—On Wednesday last, Nov. 29th, Mrs. John Macfarren's Evening at the Pianoforte, or concert lecture entertainment on Music and Musicians, attracted at various prices a crowded audience to the spacious hall of the Institute. Mrs. John Macfarren, who appeared for the first time in Faversham, is a pianist of rare acquirements, with a poetical feeling that helps her to the full appreciation of her author's meaning, and a highly cultivated finger that enables her to do ample justice to her conceptions; thus she imparts a charm, a grace, a vitality, to every class of music that passes through the medium of her performance. She was assisted by two finished and attractive vocalists, Miss Robertine Henderson and Miss Emily Pitt, and the well contrasted programme selected from the works of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Thalberg, &c., never once failed in its interest. The fresh young voices of Miss Robertine Henderson and Miss Emily Pitt told with such charming effect in Macfarren's duet "Oh! sweet summer morn" from the Opera *She stoops to conquer*, as to evoke a general demand for its repetition; and a like compliment was awarded to Miss Robertine Henderson, for her naive and animated rendering of the favorite Scotch ballad "Comin' thro' the rye." Mrs. John Macfarren was greatly applauded throughout the evening, and in Brissac's fantasia on Scotch airs, vociferously encored.

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